

"I saw it! he did it!"

"let me lift that son of a bitch!"

he couldn't do it. they all came and tried again. the steel weight wouldn't move.

they went back to their various jobs. at about 11:30 a.m. a truck backed in with a crane in the back of it. the crane reached down, clamped the steel and lifted it, with much grinding, into the truck.

for about a week after that blacks and Mexicans who had never spoken to me tried to make friends. I was looked upon with much respect.

then not long after that everybody seemed to forget about it and

I began to get verbally sliced again
challenged again
mocked again
it was the same old bullshit.

they knew what I knew:
that I'd never lift anything
like that again.

LEGS, HIPS AND BEHIND

we liked the priest because we saw him buy an icecream cone once
we were 9 years old and when I went into my friend's house his mother was always drinking with his father
they left the screen door open and listened to music on the radio
his mother always had her dress pulled high and her legs excited me
made me nervous and afraid but excited somehow
those black high heels and those nylons --
even though she had buck teeth which stuck out

when we were ten his father shot and
killed himself with a bullet through
the head
but my friend and his mother went on
living in the house
and I used to see his mother going
up the hill to the market with her
shopping bag and I'd walk alongside
of her
quite conscious of her legs and her
hips and her behind
the way it all moved
and she always spoke nicely to me
and her son and I went to church and
confession together
and the priest lived in a place
behind the church
and a fat kind lady was always there
with him
when we went to visit
and it always seemed warm and
sunny
1930
I didn't even know exactly
that there was a worldwide
depression
and madness and sorrow were
almost everywhere.

CHILLED

we went to see a play at a small playhouse and it
was so bad we slipped out at the first intermission
feeling we needed a drink to get us back to our
blue and yellow walls
we went to the first bar east
sat down and here was a woman gyrating on a tiny
stage
roaring and ripping and twisting her pelvis and her
pulp and her ganglia and her hips and her vagina and
her bungy
ow
the red wine was served chilled
there was a fat man and a thin man and a medium
man watching and we were watching and there were
3 girls working
no band
the music came over the intercom and I feared the
urinal